

MARVEL  
TEAM-UP

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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# MARVEL TEAM-UP

FEATURING

# SPIDER-MAN™ AND THE THING™

HAH!  
I WIN OUR  
LITTLE BET  
PUPPET  
MASTER!

MY MIGHTY  
ANDROID IS  
HURLING THE  
THING TO  
HIS DOOM!

SO MY  
VICTIM  
DIES  
FIRST!

NOT SO,  
THINKER!

SPIDER-MAN  
WILL HIT THOSE  
DEADLY SPIKES  
BEFORE HIM!

DEATH-TRAPS  
OF  
THE DEADLY DUO!



Stan Lee  
PRESENTS:

# SPIDEY AND THE THING --TOGETHER!

**...AS THOSE WHO  
WILL NOT SEE!**

DARKNESS, THE  
FAINTEST HINT OF  
MOONLIGHT--AND IN  
THE SHADOWS OF THIS  
RUBBLE-STREWN LAB--

--MOVEMENT--

--AND A HARSH,  
SNARLING  
VOICE!

HOLD IT  
RIGHT  
THERE,  
PAL!

I WANNA  
HAVE A  
WORD  
WITH  
YOU!

GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER \* GIL KANE ARTIST \* MIKE ESPOSITO, INKER \* JEAN IZZO, LETTERER \* ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

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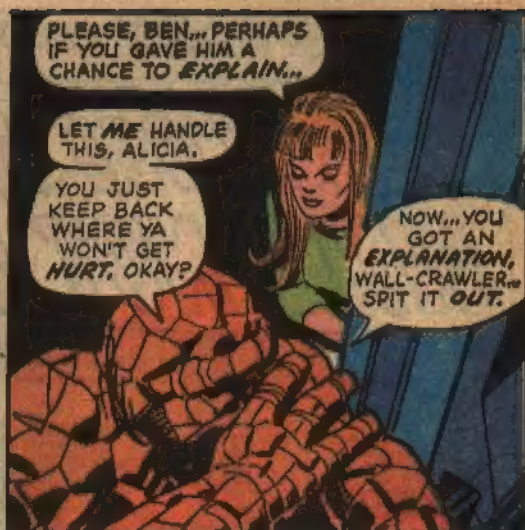




YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT, WEB-HEAD-- BUT THERE'S A BLASTED LAW AGAINST TRESPASSIN'.

--AND CONSIDERIN' THAT OUR LANDLORD AIN'T TOSSED US OUT YET-- THIS PLACE *STILL* BELONGS TO THE FANTASTIC FOUR--

--AN', PAL, THAT'S A PRIVATE CLUB!



PLEASE, BEN,... PERHAPS IF YOU GAVE HIM A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN...

LET ME HANDLE THIS, ALICIA.

YOU JUST KEEP BACK WHERE YA WON'T GET HURT, OKAY?

NOW,... YOU GOT AN EXPLANATION, WALL-CRAWLER... SPIT IT OUT.



THANKS A BUNCH, THING.

IF YOU'LL STEP A LITTLE CLOSER, THINGS MIGHT GET CLEARER ONCE I INTRODUCE...



...A GUY CALLED... THE PUPPET MASTER!



Y'KNOW SOMETHING, SPIDEY THINGS ARE CLEARER ALREADY.



--AN' I GOT A FEELING THEY'RE GONNA GET EVEN CLEARER YET--

--ONCE CURLY AN' ME HAVE OURSELVES A LITTLE TALK!

C'MON, GOLDBLOCKS-- WAKE UP--



--THERE'S A MAN WHO WANTS TA SPEAK TA YA--

NOW!

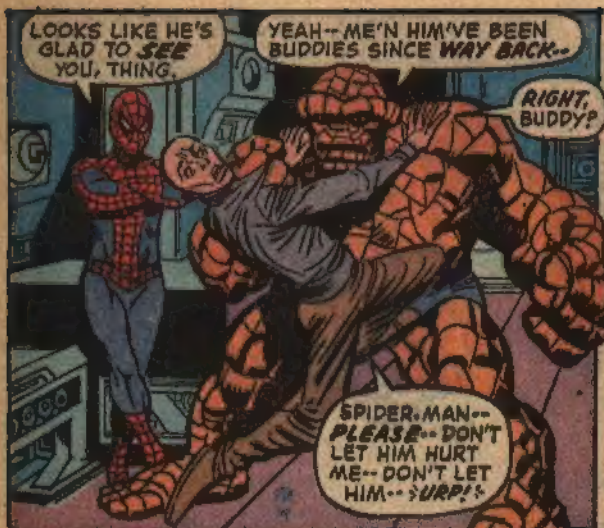


WHA-WHA'S WRONG-- WHA'S HAPPE--

SHRINK!

HIYA, BRIGHT EYES, HOWYA BEEN?



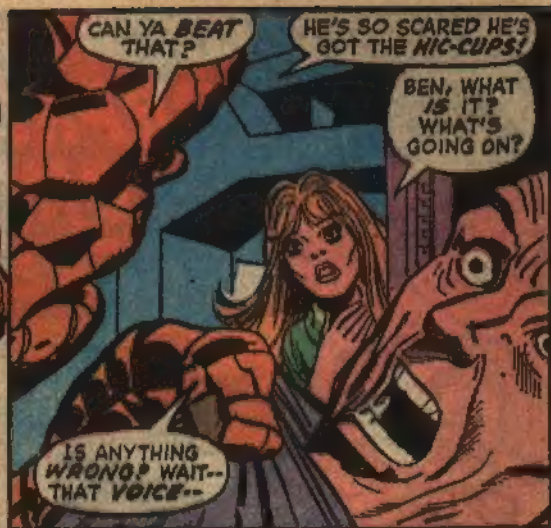


LOOKS LIKE HE'S GLAD TO SEE YOU, THING.

YEAH-- ME'N HIM'VE BEEN BUDDIES SINCE WAY BACK--

RIGHT, BUDDY?

SPIDER-MAN-- PLEASE-- DON'T LET HIM HURT ME-- DON'T LET HIM-- SURP!:



CAN YA BEAT THAT?

HE'S SO SCARED HE'S GOT THE HIC-CUPS!

BEN, WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S GOING ON?

IS ANYTHING WRONG? WAIT-- THAT VOICE--



I KNOW THAT VOICE!

WHOA, LITTLE LADY! YOU'VE GOT YOUR WIRES CROSSED

THAT'S THE GUY NAMED THE PUPPET MASTER-- HE ALMOST BEAT THE VISION AND ME TO A STAND-STILL--

\*LAST ISSUE. --ROY.



TAKE MY WORD FOR IT-- HE'S NOT THE KINDA GUY YOU'D RUN ACROSS.

BUT I DO KNOW HIM-- I'M SURE OF IT--



WHEN YOU'RE-- BLIND-- YOU LEARN TO RECOGNIZE FOOTSTEPS-- VOICES--

--ESPECIALLY THE VOICE-- OF YOUR FATHER!



SOON, AFTER SEVERAL HALTING EXPLANATIONS...

I KNOW HE'S DONE WRONG-- THAT HE'S LEARNED TO CONTROL MINDS--

...YOUR STEP-FATHER, HUH?

PLEASE, DON'T BE.

LOOK, I'M SORRY IF I--

BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER--



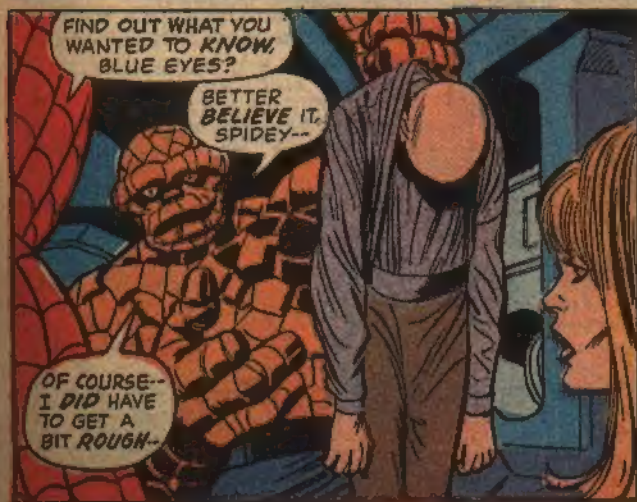
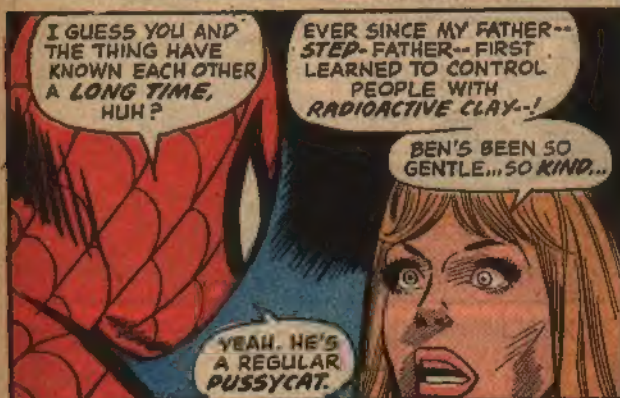
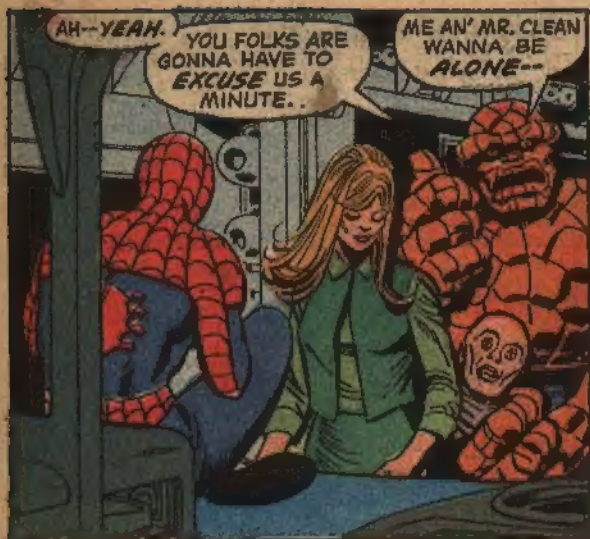
-- I LOVE HIM-- JUST AS I LOVE BEN.

FOR A MOMENT, THERE'S A THOUGHTFUL SILENCE--

I DO.

THEN--







AND NOW THE MOMENTS  
PASS QUICKLY--

--AS, LESS THAN TWENTY  
MINUTES LATER, THE SLEEK  
FANTASTI-CAR CTS  
THROUGH A TWILIT SKY--



--TOWARD THE  
WESTERN HILLS OF  
PENNSYLVANIA--



--AND A  
CONFRONTA-  
TION WITH  
DESTINY!

YOU MIGHT AS WELL  
TELL US, TOO, BRIGHT  
EYES.

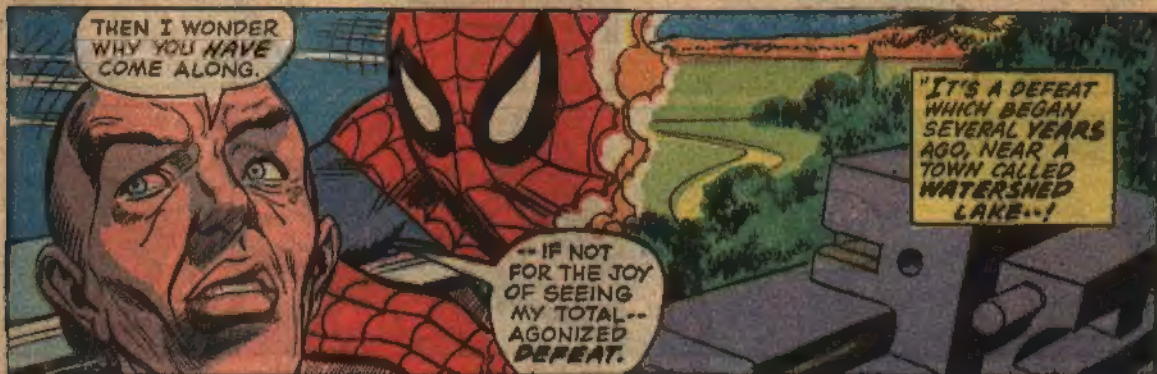
I HAVEN'T EXACTLY COME  
ALONG FOR THE JOY OF  
IT, Y'KNOW.



THEN I WONDER  
WHY YOU HAVE  
COME ALONG.

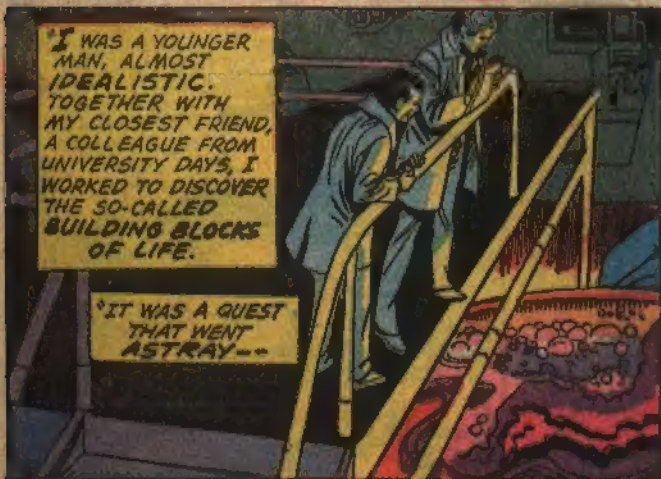
-- IF NOT  
FOR THE JOY OF  
SEEING  
MY TOTAL--  
AGONIZED  
DEFEAT.

"IT'S A DEFEAT  
WHICH BEGAN  
SEVERAL YEARS  
AGO, NEAR A  
TOWN CALLED  
WATERSHED  
LAKE--!"



"I WAS A YOUNGER  
MAN, ALMOST  
IDEALISTIC.  
TOGETHER WITH  
MY CLOSEST FRIEND,  
A COLLEAGUE FROM  
UNIVERSITY DAYS, I  
WORKED TO DISCOVER  
THE SO-CALLED  
BUILDING BLOCKS  
OF LIFE.

"IT WAS A QUEST  
THAT WENT  
ASTRAY--



"--FOR THERE WAS MORE INVOLVED  
THAN MY MERE FRIENDSHIP  
FOR JACOB REISS--



IT'S EVEN GREATER THAN YOU DARED HOPE IT WOULD BE--





"--THERE WAS THE MATTER OF HIS WIFE AND CHILD--"



"--AND THE JEALOUSY WHICH FILLED ME WHEN I THOUGHT OF HIM-- RECEIVING HER LOVE--"

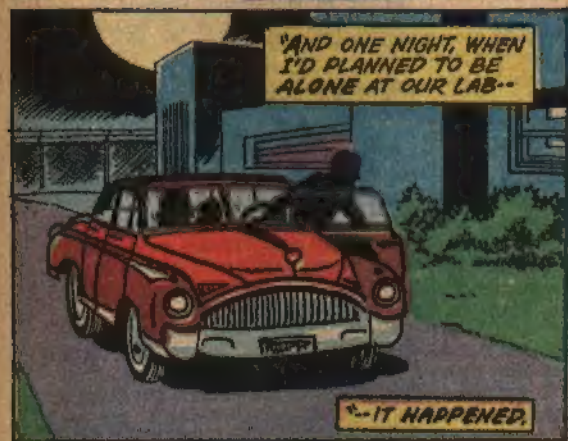
"--A LOVE WHICH I WANTED-- BUT COULD NEVER HOPE TO HAVE!"



"THE PAIN GREW--AND GREW. THEY NEVER KNEW WHAT THOSE EVENINGS AT DINNER COST ME--"

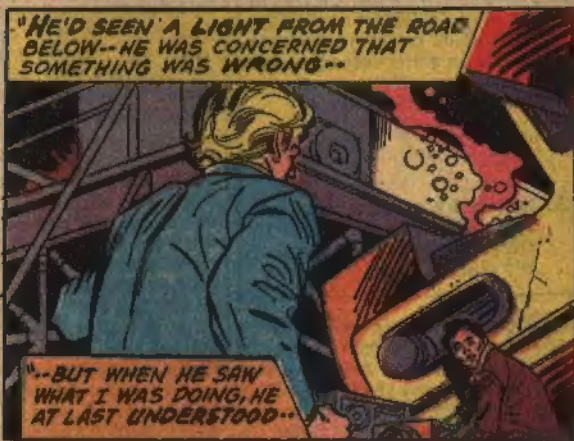
"--A RESOLVE TO DESTROY WHAT JACOB AND I BUILT TOGETHER-- FOR IN MY FRUSTRATION, I COULD THINK OF NO OTHER WAY OUT--!"

"THEY NEVER KNEW THAT A BURNING RESOLVE HAD CAUGHT FIRE IN MY BREAST--"



"AND ONE NIGHT, WHEN I'D PLANNED TO BE ALONE AT OUR LAB--"

"--IT HAPPENED."



"HE'D SEEN A LIGHT FROM THE ROAD BELOW-- HE WAS CONCERNED THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG--"

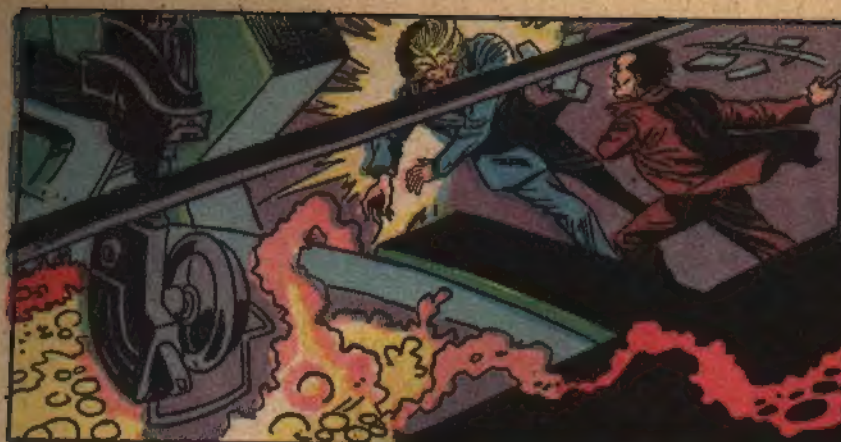
"--BUT WHEN HE SAW WHAT I WAS DOING, HE AT LAST UNDERSTOOD--"



"--AND I STRUCK HIM!"

"AGAIN-- AND AGAIN-- AND AGAIN!"

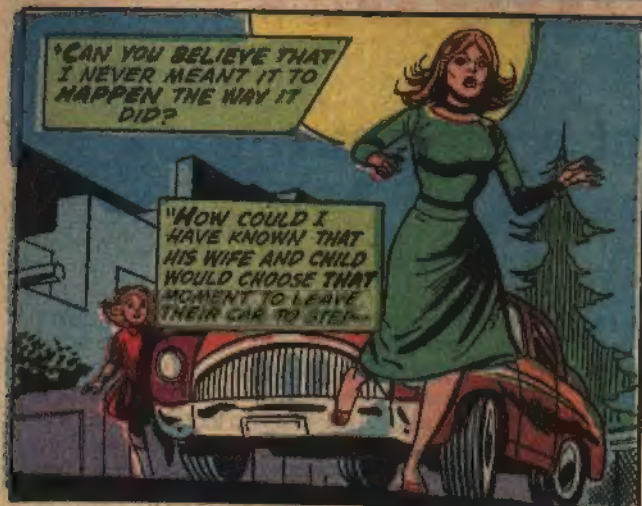




"WE STRUGGLED IN THE DARKNESS, WHILE BEHIND US, THE VATS CONTAINING OUR PRECIOUS RADIOACTIVE CLAY CONTINUED TO BUBBLE AND BOIL, BUILDING TO CRITICAL MASS."

"FINALLY, I PUSHED HIM BACK--HIS HEAD HIT A JUTTING RAIL--"

"--AND IT WAS DONE."



"CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT I NEVER MEANT IT TO HAPPEN THE WAY IT DID?"

"HOW COULD I HAVE KNOWN THAT HIS WIFE AND CHILD WOULD CHOOSE THAT MOMENT TO LEAVE THEIR CAR TO STOP--"



"--DIRECTLY INTO THE BLAST!"



"SOMEHOW, I SURVIVED."

"THE MOTHER WAS UNINJURED, THOUGH UNCONSCIOUS..."



"AS I STOOD WATCHING, TREMBLING WITH GUILT AND SELF-DISGUST, THE YOUNG GIRL OPENED HER EYES... STARED UP AT ME..."



"...STARED... UNSEEING."



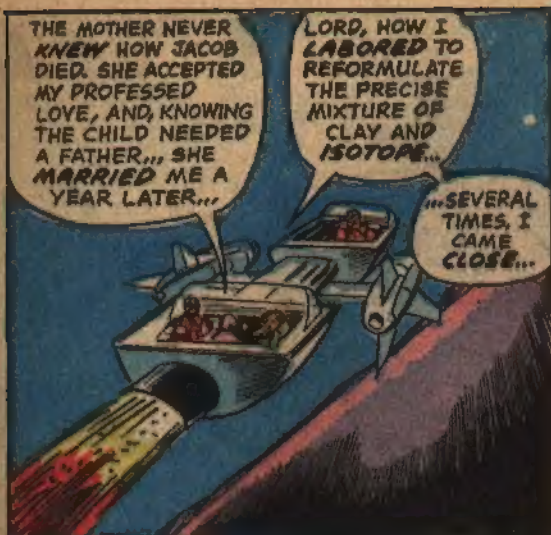
"IT WAS THE CLAY... THE RADIOACTIVE CLAY."

"I SWORE I'D UNDO WHAT I'D DONE... BUT EVEN THEN, I KNEW..."

"...I NEVER WOULD..."

YOU ASKED FOR IT--CRIED FOR IT--DEMANDED IT!





THE MOTHER NEVER KNEW HOW JACOB DIED. SHE ACCEPTED MY PROFESSED LOVE, AND, KNOWING THE CHILD NEEDED A FATHER... SHE MARRIED ME A YEAR LATER...

LORD, HOW I LABORED TO REFORMULATE THE PRECISE MIXTURE OF CLAY AND ISOTOPE...

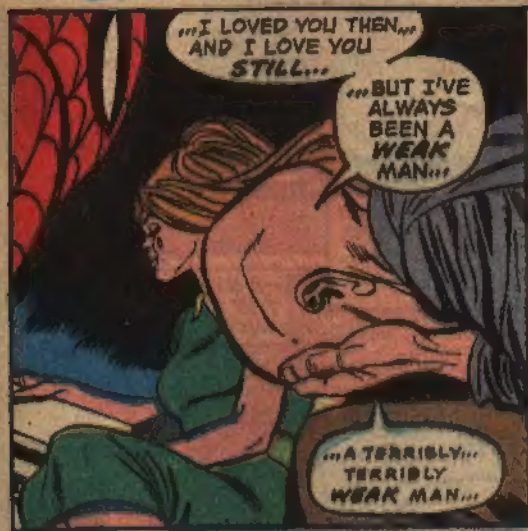
...SEVERAL TIMES, I CAME CLOSE...



...BUT WHEN THE CHILD'S MOTHER DIED SOME-THING...TWISTED INSIDE ME.

I DISCOVERED THAT PUPPETS FORMED FROM CERTAIN CLAY MIXTURES COULD CONTROL THE MINDS OF THEIR REAL-LIFE COUNTERPARTS...

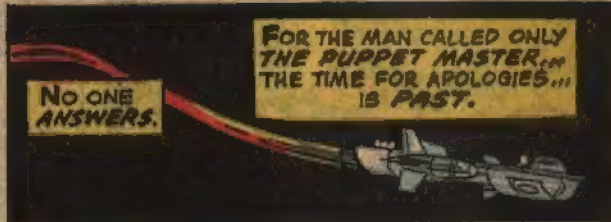
ALICIA, YOU MUST FORGIVE ME...



...I LOVED YOU THEN, AND I LOVE YOU STILL...

...BUT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A WEAK MAN...

...A TERRIBLY... TERRIBLY WEAK MAN...



NO ONE ANSWERS.

FOR THE MAN CALLED ONLY THE PUPPET MASTER... THE TIME FOR APOLOGIES... IS PAST.



SO NOW WHAT DO WE DO, BENJAMIN?

OR HAVEN'T YOU THOUGHT THAT FAR?

WE TAKE US A LITTLE WALK, WEB-HEAD... TO CURLY'S OLD LAB...

TH-THE LAB...?



BUT... I'M NOT SURE I CAN FIND IT...

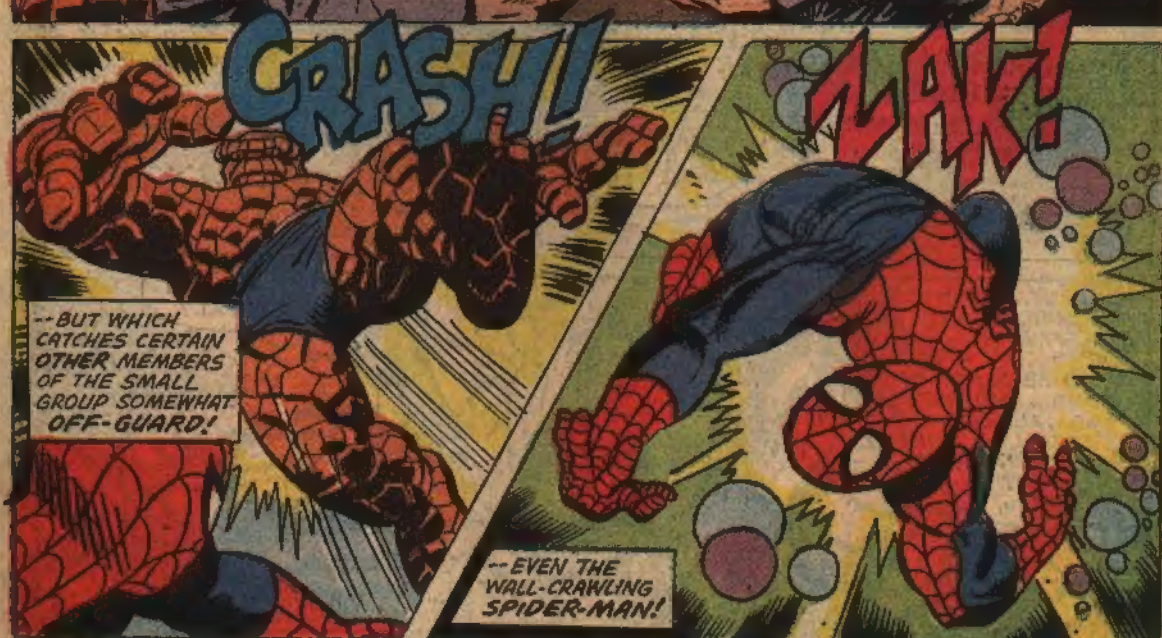
IT'S BEEN SO LONG... AND THE LAB... ALMOST TOTALLY DESTROYED! YOU CAN'T EXPECT...

WHAT'D YOU SAY, PAL?

AH... NOTHING... NOTHING AT ALL...

WELL, THE CRYPT OF SHADOWS IS NOW ON SALE! THAT'LL TEACH YA!







AS THE STUNNED HEROES  
REEL BACK, THEIR PRISONER  
DIVES FORWARD--

--INTO THE GAPING  
APERTURE--

--WHICH SLIDES  
SOUNDLESSLY  
SHUT A MOMENT  
LATER--

--AND THE GLADE IS  
STILL, ONCE MORE.

FROM OUT OF THE  
DEPTHS INTO WHICH  
HE'S FALLEN, A VOICE  
SUMMONS THE DAZED  
SPIDER-MAN--

--DRAWING HIM  
BACK TO REALITY--

--THE REALITY OF  
A RAGING TNYING!

'BOUT TIME  
YOU WOKE UP.

YOU'VE BEEN A BIG  
HELP, WALL-CRAWLER  
...A REAL BIG  
HELP!

I LOVE  
YOU TOO,  
BENJY.

BUT ALL  
THIS BOUNDLESS  
AFFECTION  
ISN'T GOING TO  
GET US  
ANYWHERE--

--SO WHAT SAY  
WE STOP SNARLING  
AT EACH OTHER, AND  
GET DOWN TO CASES?

UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN,  
THAT TRANSMITTER  
APPEARED ABOUT HERE--  
WHICH MEANS--

I'M READIN'  
YA, SMART  
MAN.

BACK  
OFF--

--IT'S  
CLOBBERIN'  
TIME!

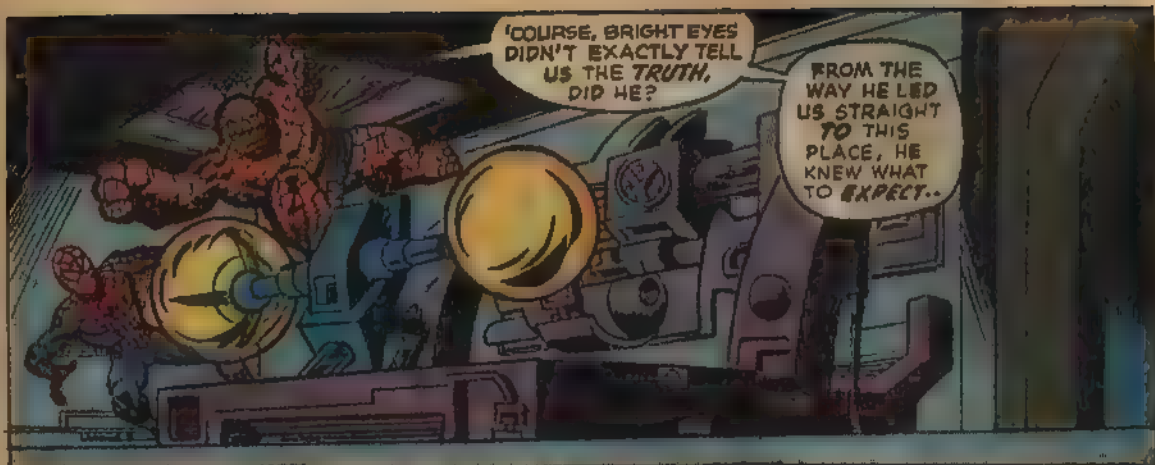
WHUMP!

CAN YA BEAT  
THAT?

THERE'S  
A WHOLE  
LAB  
DOWN  
THERE!

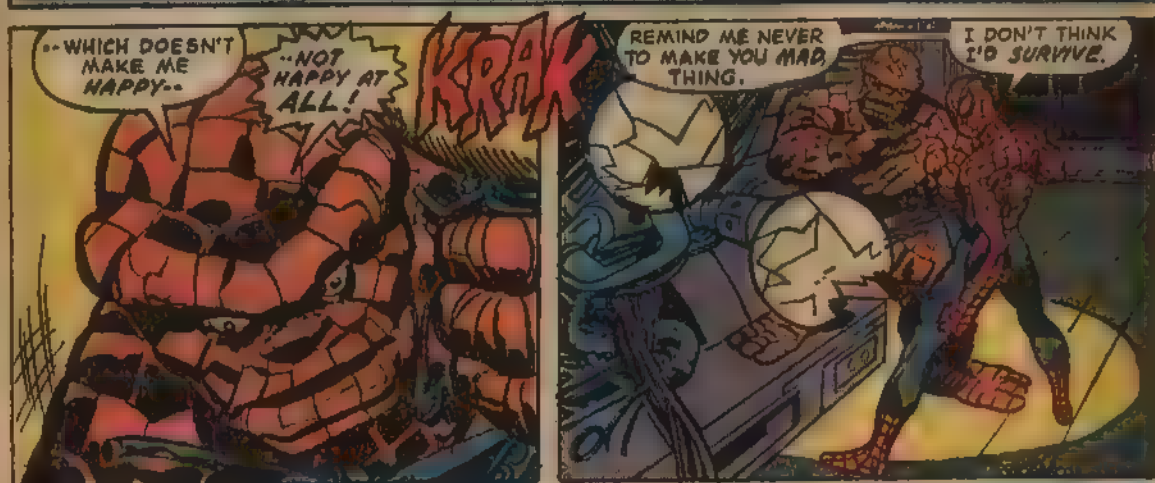
YOU NOTICED  
THAT, DID YOU,  
BENJAMIN?





'COURSE, BRIGHT EYES  
DIDN'T EXACTLY TELL  
US THE TRUTH,  
DID HE?

FROM THE  
WAY HE LED  
US STRAIGHT  
TO THIS  
PLACE, HE  
KNEW WHAT  
TO EXPECT..



--WHICH DOESN'T  
MAKE ME  
HAPPY..

--NOT  
HAPPY AT  
ALL!

KRAK

REMIND ME NEVER  
TO MAKE YOU MAD  
THING.

I DON'T THINK  
I'D SURVIVE.



AFTER A BRIEF CONSULTATION,  
THE TWO ARRIVE AT A HASTY  
DECISION...

YOU TAKE THE NORTH PASSAGE,  
AND I'LL TAKE THE SOUTH.

WHOEVER  
FINDS THE  
PUPPET  
MASTER  
HOLDS HIM  
TILL THE  
OTHER  
ARRIVES.

OKAY  
THING?

YEAH,  
SURE.

GOOD  
HUNTIN',  
WEB-HEAD...  
AND BE  
CAREFUL.



BEN'S AN ALL RIGHT  
GUY. MAYBE I'VE  
MISJUDGED HIM...  
AND THE REST OF  
THE FANTASTIC  
FOUR.

I SUPPOSE THAT'S  
WHY I'VE COME  
ALONG-- TO SEE  
HOW FAR I CAN  
TRUST A MAN  
LIKE BEN GRIMM--

--AND LEARN  
HOW FAR HE  
TRUSTS ME!



AND, AS OUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN MUSES ON HIDDEN MOTIVES, WHAT SAY WE SHIFT TO A ROOM ELSEWHERE IN THIS UNDERGROUND COMPLEX, WHERE A SOMEWHAT MORE ACTIVE CONFRONTATION OCCURS--

--BUT I HAD TO LEAD THEM HERE-- THERE WAS NO OTHER CHOICE!

SURELY, YOU DON'T THINK I WANTED THEM TO DISCOVER OUR RETREAT--

--NOT AFTER ALL OUR EFFORTS TO KEEP IT SECRET FROM THE WORLD!

FRANKLY, MY FRIEND--I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE.

I WAS SUSPICIOUS WHEN YOU FIRST OFFERED ME THIS PLOT OF LAND--AND SHOWED ME THE REMAINS OF A DEMOLISHED LAB--

--BUT I CALCULATED THE RISKS INVOLVED-- AND THOUGHT THEM SMALL--

YET IN THIS CASE, IT APPEARS I HAVE.

I'M DISAPPOINTED, MY FRIEND.

NO, NO-- YOU HAVEN'T MADE A MISTAKE! DON'T YOU SEE-- THIS IS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!

--AND, MY FRIEND, IN THINGS LIKE THAT--

--THE MAD THINKER NEVER ERRS!

TWO OF THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL ADVENTURERS-- YOURS TO STUDY-- IF YOU HAVE THE STRENGTH TO CAPTURE THEM,

DECIDE, THINKER... EVEN NOW, THEY APPROACH.

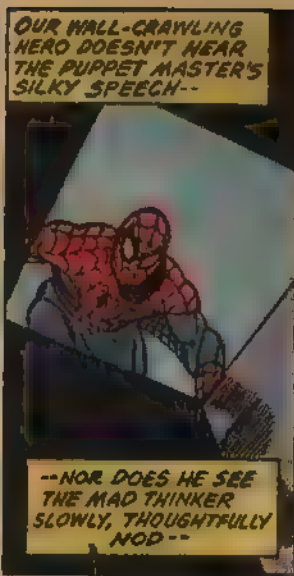
YOU CAN WATCH THEM ON YOUR MONITOR SCREENS-- OR YOU CAN ATTACK--

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT WE'VE RUN OUT OF TITLES--





"--OR IF YOU WISH--  
YOU CAN DO BOTH!"



OUR WALL-CRAWLING  
HERO DOESN'T HEAR  
THE PUPPET MASTER'S  
SILKY SPEECH--

--NOR DOES HE SEE  
THE MAD THINKER  
SLOWLY, THOUGHTFULLY  
NOD--



--RATHER, HE BECOMES  
AWARE OF THEIR TALK IN  
QUITE ANOTHER WAY--

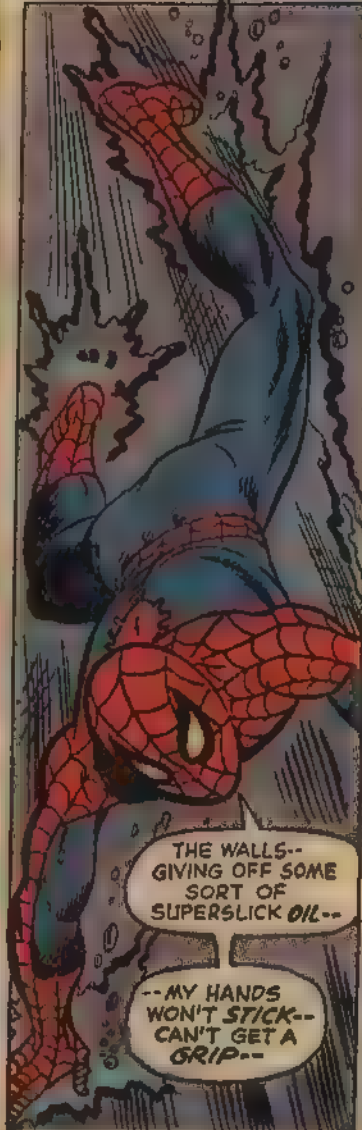


--BY ITS SUDDEN AND  
STARTLING EFFECT ON THE  
BALANCE OF HIS SENSES!

MY SPIDER-SENSE--  
TINGLING--SHIVERING  
ALL OVER ME!

WHAT'S  
HAPPENING--  
WHAT'S  
WRONG--?

OH, NO--  
NO!



THE WALLS--  
GIVING OFF SOME  
SORT OF  
SUPERSLICK OIL--

--MY HANDS  
WON'T STICK--  
CAN'T GET A  
GRIP--



--I'M  
FALLING--

--FALLING--

--AND HEAVEN  
HELP ME-- I  
CAN'T  
STOP!

WE COME UP WITH WAR IS HELL! CAPTURE IT RIGHT NOW!

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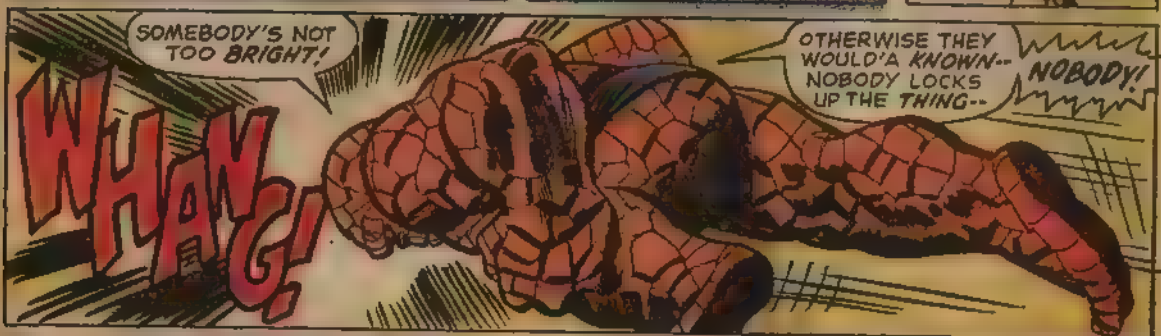
MEANWHILE, HALF  
A MILE AWAY--

--THE MAN NAMED BENJAMIN  
J. GRIMM IS ABOUT TO  
ENTER HIS OWN UNEXPECTED  
DEATH TRAP--

--A TRAP WHOSE  
JAWS SNAP SHUT--

--NOW!

HUH?  
WUT-  
WUZZAT?



SOMEBODY'S NOT  
TOO BRIGHT!

WHAN-  
G!

OTHERWISE THEY  
WOULD'A KNOWN--  
NOBODY LOCKS  
UP THE THING--

NOBODY!



UH... 'LESS I LET  
'EM, OF COURSE

MUST BE  
MADE OUTTA  
SOME SORTA  
REINFORCED  
TITANIUM  
ALLOY-- NEVER  
FELT ANYTHING  
LIKE IT--

ALMOST BUSTED  
MY SKULL  
INSTEAD'A THE  
BLASTED DOOR!

GUESS I MIGHT  
AS WELL LOOK  
FOR A BACK  
EXIT--  
SUNNNNNNN!

THE AIR--  
WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO THE  
AIR?



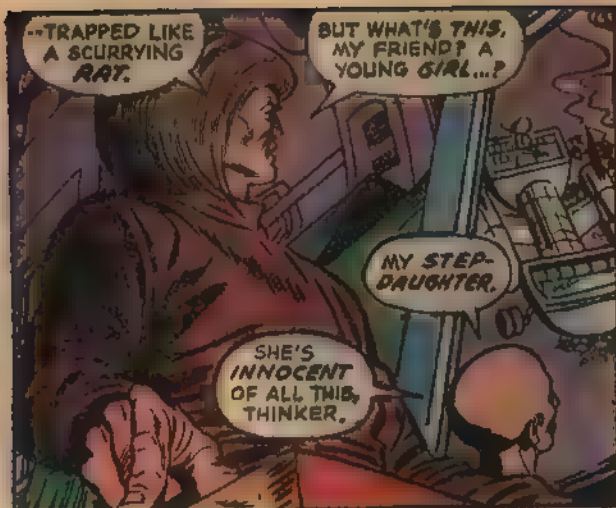
THE ANSWER  
COMES IN A  
SOFT, CEASE-  
LESS WHINE--

--THE WHISTLE OF  
AN IMPLING  
VACUUM--

--AND A CACKLE OF  
MORBID JOY.

LOOK AT HIM, MASTERS  
--THE FABLED THING--



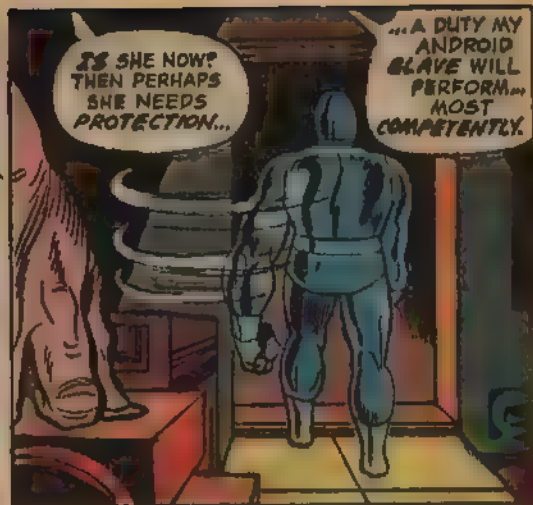


--TRAPPED LIKE  
A SCURRYING  
RAY.

BUT WHAT'S THIS,  
MY FRIEND? A  
YOUNG GIRL...?

MY STEP-  
DAUGHTER.

SHE'S  
INNOCENT  
OF ALL THIS  
THINKER.



IS SHE NOW?  
THEN PERHAPS  
SHE NEEDS  
PROTECTION...

...A DUTY MY  
ANDROID  
BLAVE WILL  
PERFORM...  
MOST  
COMPETENTLY.



THEY LAUGH,  
THESE DARK-  
SOULED  
MEN...

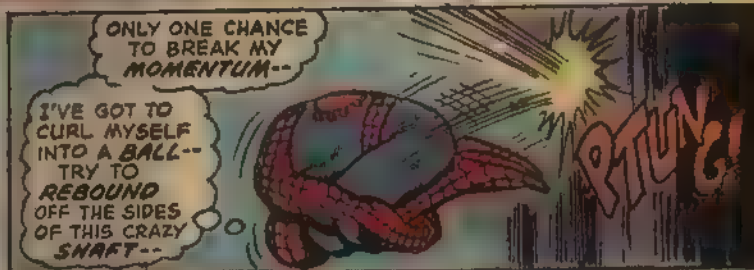
...BUT THEY  
MAKE THEIR  
JESTS  
UNEASILY...

...FOR THEIR WORLD IS NOT A  
FRIENDLY ONE...

...FILLED, AS IT  
IS, WITH BLAND  
BETRAYALS...  
AND SYMBOLS  
OF SELF-  
CONTEMPT.



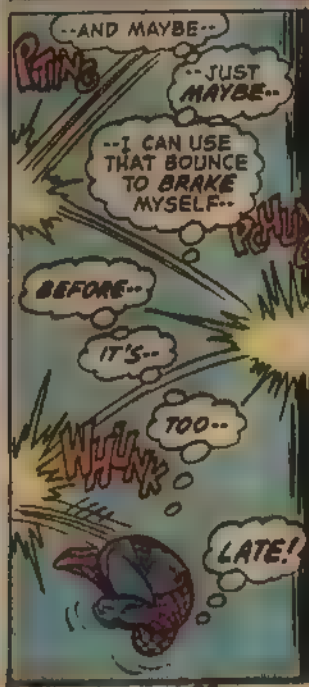
ONE SUCH SYMBOL!  
TREACHERY-- SUCH AS  
THE TREACHERY SHOWN  
THE YOUTHFUL SPIDER-  
MAN, WHO EVEN NOW  
STRUGGLES FOR A LIFE  
HE'S SO VERY CLOSE  
TO LOSING!



ONLY ONE CHANCE  
TO BREAK MY  
MOMENTUM--

I'VE GOT TO  
CURL MYSELF  
INTO A BALL--  
TRY TO  
REBOUND  
OFF THE SIDES  
OF THIS CRAZY  
SHAFT--

PTUNG!



--AND MAYBE--

--JUST  
MAYBE--

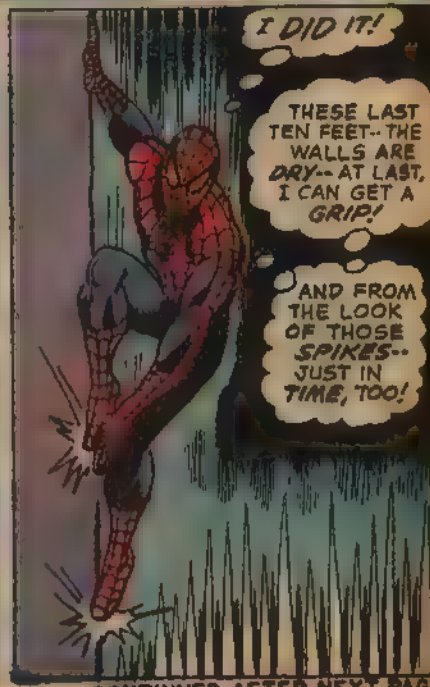
--I CAN USE  
THAT BOUNCE  
TO BRAKE  
MYSELF--

BEFORE--

IT'S--

TOO--

LATE!



I DID IT!

THESE LAST  
TEN FEET-- THE  
WALLS ARE  
DRY-- AT LAST,  
I CAN GET A  
GRIP!

AND FROM  
THE LOOK  
OF THOSE  
SPIKES--  
JUST IN  
TIME, TOO!

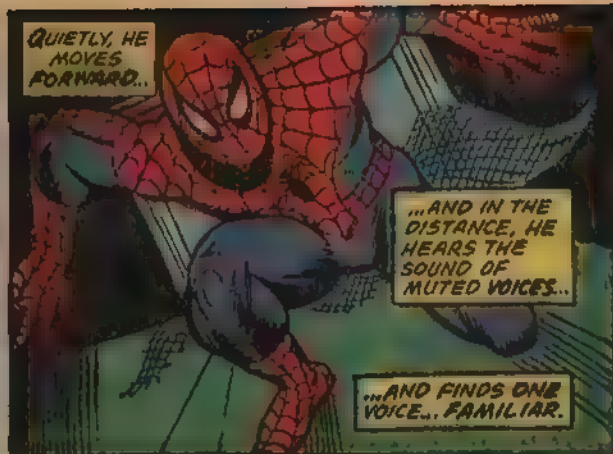


I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THE PUPPET MASTER—THIS IS QUITE A TRAP.



—ASSUMING HE BUILT IT ALONE—WHICH SOMEHOW I DOUBT!

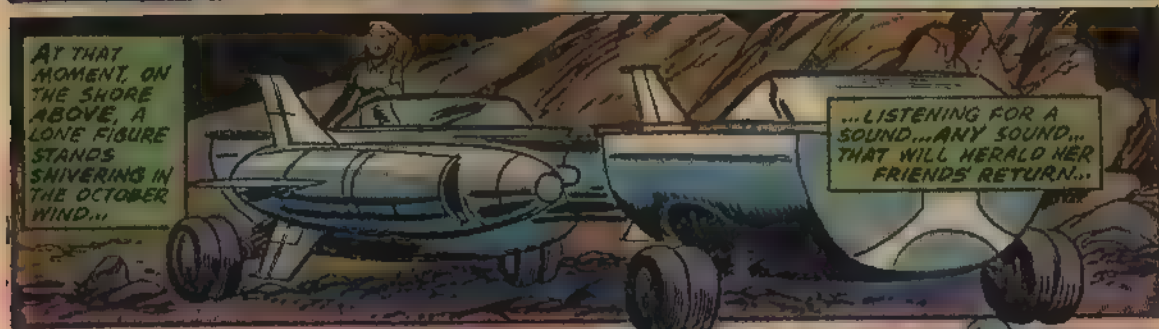
QUIETLY, HE MOVES FORWARD...



...AND IN THE DISTANCE, HE HEARS THE SOUND OF MUTED VOICES...

...AND FINDS ONE VOICE... FAMILIAR.

AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE SHORE ABOVE, A LONE FIGURE STANDS SNIVERING IN THE OCTOBER WIND...



...LISTENING FOR A SOUND...ANY SOUND... THAT WILL HERALD HER FRIENDS' RETURN...

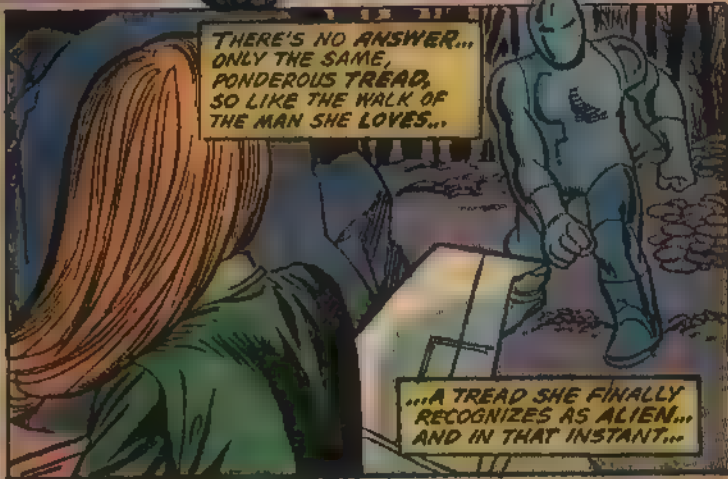
...AND SUDDENLY... SHE HEARS IT...



BEN??

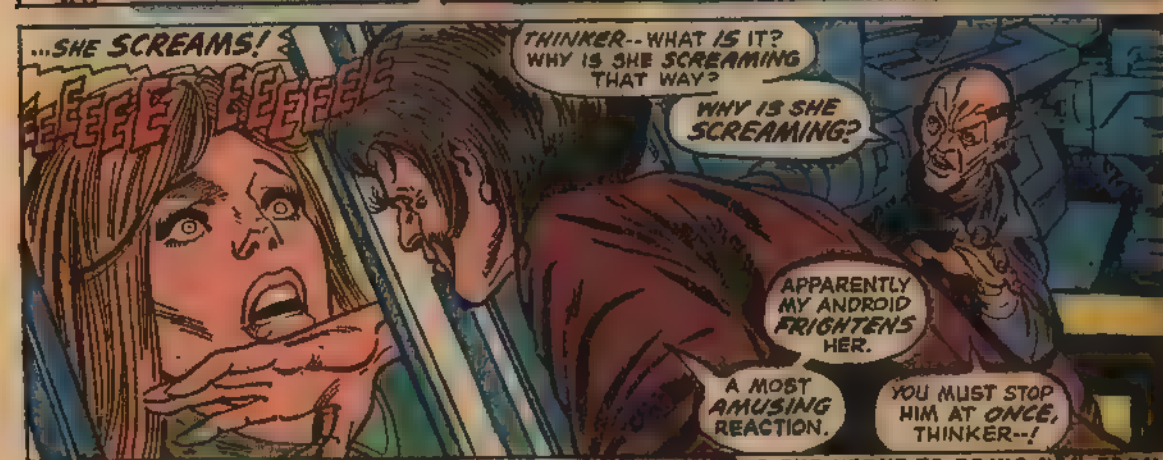
IS THAT YOU?

THERE'S NO ANSWER... ONLY THE SAME, PONDEROUS TREAD, SO LIKE THE WALK OF THE MAN SHE LOVES...



...A TREAD SHE FINALLY RECOGNIZES AS ALIEN... AND IN THAT INSTANT...

...SHE SCREAMS!



THINKER--WHAT IS IT? WHY IS SHE SCREAMING THAT WAY?

WHY IS SHE SCREAMING?

APPARENTLY MY ANDROID FRIGHTENS HER.

A MOST AMUSING REACTION.

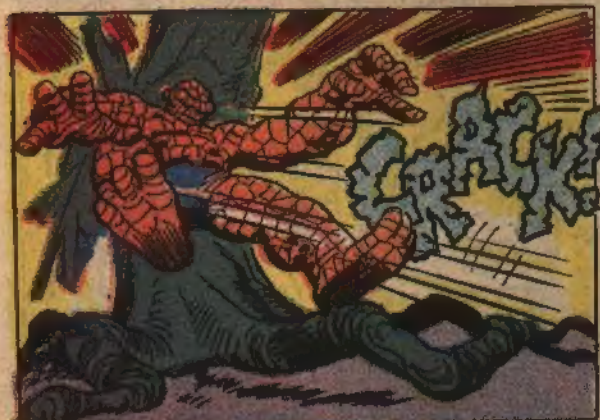
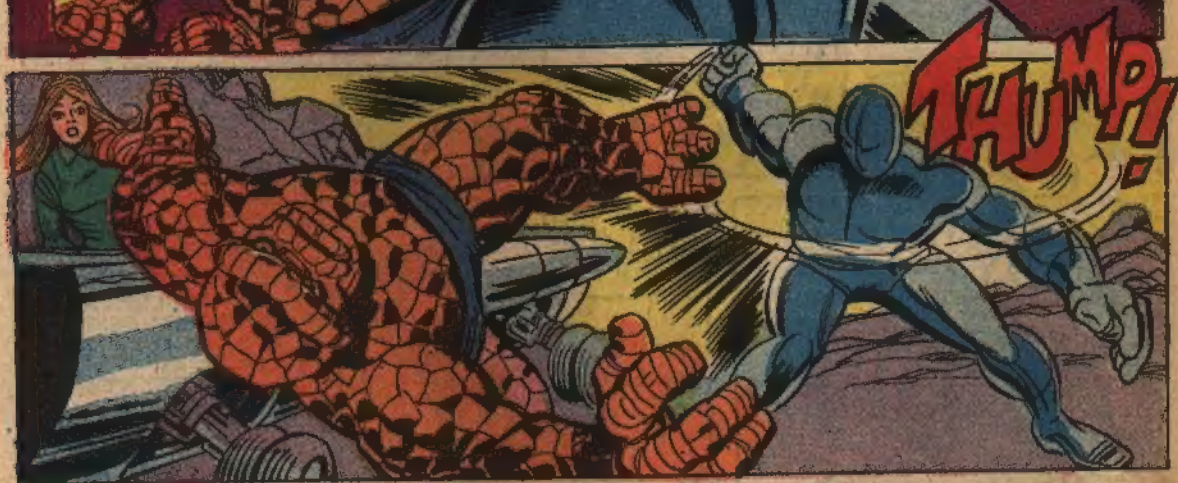
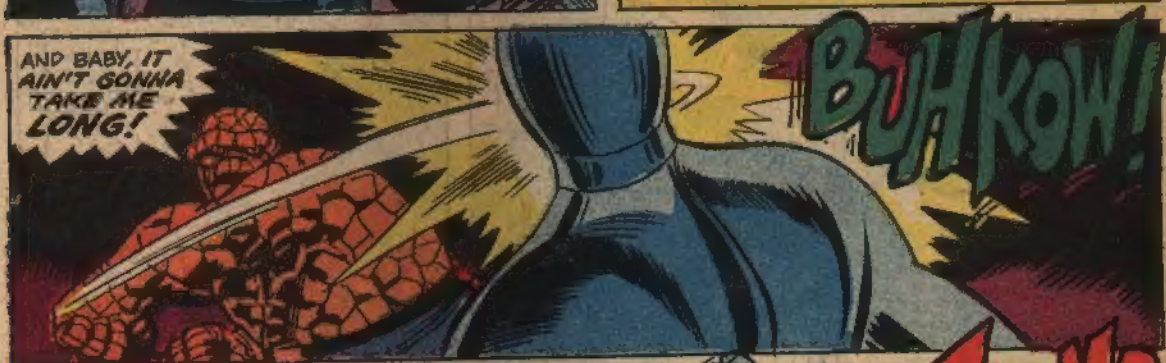
YOU MUST STOP HIM AT ONCE, THINKER--!

ONLY MANIACAL MARVEL WOULD HAVE THE NERVE TO BRING YOU FOOM!





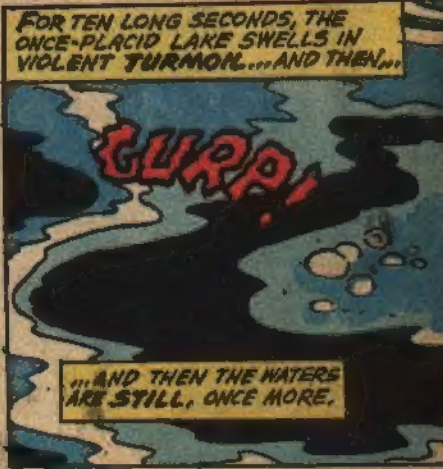
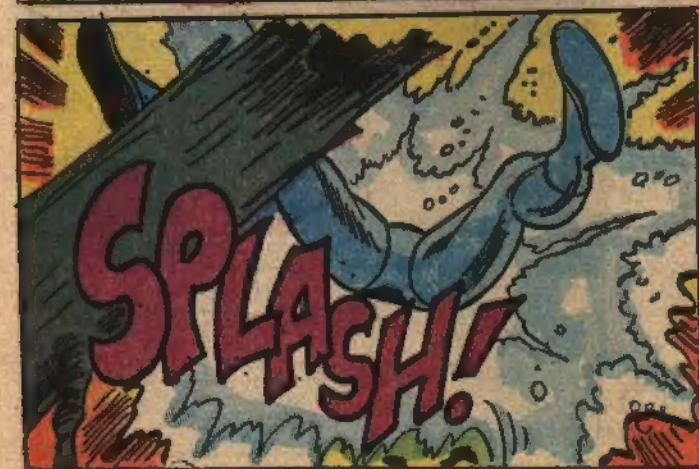
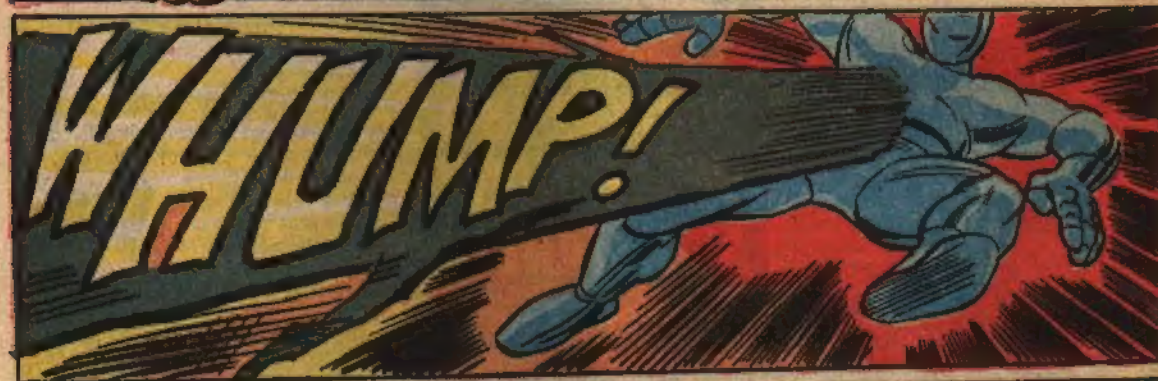
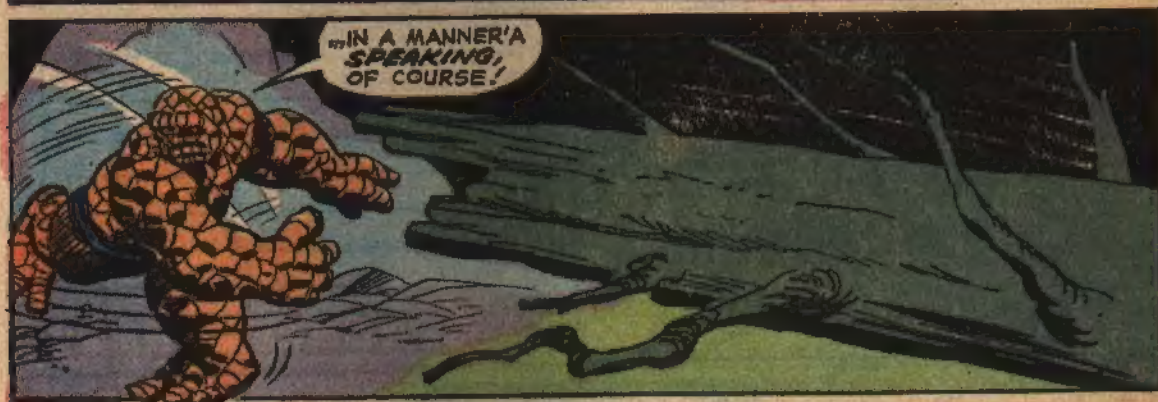
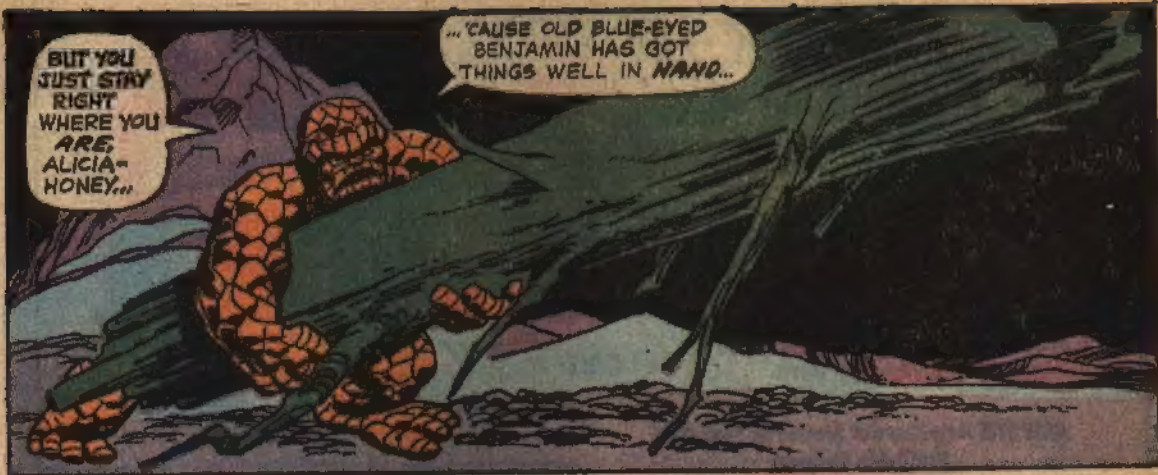




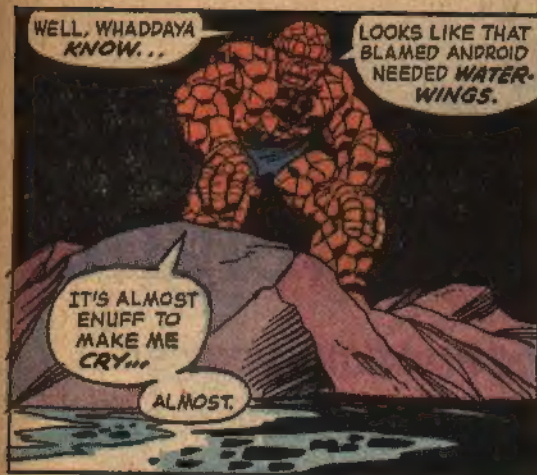
BUT WE'RE STILL TOO CHICKEN TO TELL YA WHAT IT MEANS!

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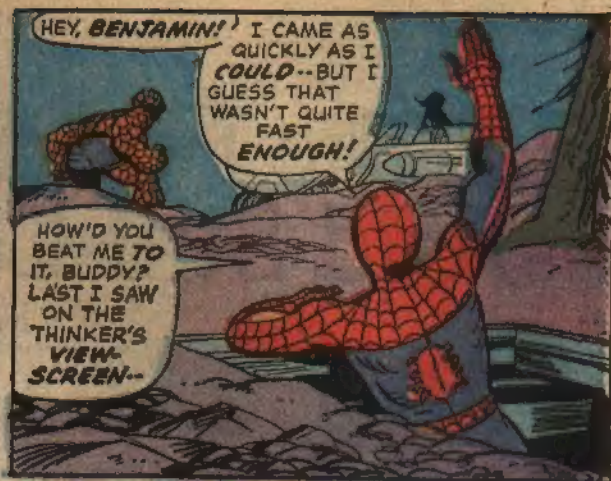


WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW...

LOOKS LIKE THAT BLAMED ANDROID NEEDED WATER-WINGS.

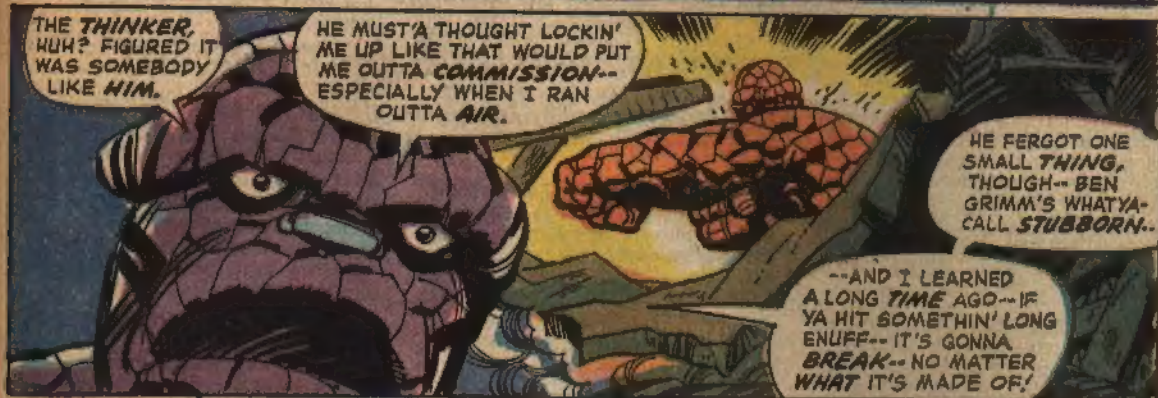
IT'S ALMOST ENUFF TO MAKE ME CRY...

ALMOST.



HEY, BENJAMIN! I CAME AS QUICKLY AS I COULD--BUT I GUESS THAT WASN'T QUITE FAST ENOUGH!

HOW'D YOU BEAT ME TO IT, BUDDY? LAST I SAW ON THE THINKER'S VIEW-SCREEN--



THE THINKER, HUH? FIGURED IT WAS SOMEBODY LIKE HIM.

HE MUST'A THOUGHT LOCKIN' ME UP LIKE THAT WOULD PUT ME OUTTA COMMISSION--ESPECIALLY WHEN I RAN OUTTA AIR.

HE FERGOT ONE SMALL THING, THOUGH-- BEN GRIMM'S WHATYA-CALL STUBBORN--

--AND I LEARNED A LONG TIME AGO--IF YA HIT SOMETHIN' LONG ENUFF-- IT'S GONNA BREAK-- NO MATTER WHAT IT'S MADE OF!



AFTER THAT, SOMETHING TOLD ME ALICIA--

HUH?

**BADOOOM!**



THE TUNNEL-- IT BLEW UP!

YA NOTICED THAT, DID YA, WEB-HEAD?

--AN' ONE OF 'EM MUST'VE GOTTEN FREE.

BUT THE THINKER--AND THE PUPPET MASTER--I LEFT THEM BOTH TIED UP--

WHICH DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY--



I-I THINK I UNDERSTAND, BEN.

ALL THESE YEARS, MY STEP-FATHER LIVED WITH HIS GUILT BURIED INSIDE HIM... TWISTING HIM.

"...PERHAPS HE DISCOVERED HE COULDN'T LIVE THAT WAY ANY LONGER..."

"...AND THIS WAS HIS WAY OF SAYING HOW SORRY HE WAS..."

"...MORE SORRY... THAN WE CAN EVER TRULY KNOW...OR EVEN UNDERSTAND."